UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Universe

By CHARLES F. DOLE

Military Preparedness: Can Any But Idiots Doubt Its Value?

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

Soviet Russia!

By SYDNEY STRONG

VOLUME XCIII NUMBER 12

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIII THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1924 NUMBER 12

Nothing positive can be done while war is on. History in war time is a blank so far as constructive humanity is concerned. This is true from the declaration of war to the last treaty of settlement and in most cases, for long after. If history could be expressed truthfully on a printed page, every page of war would be cast in black with fine white letters describing the scant deeds of heroism and magnanimity traceable in the moral and physical wallow which is war's nature. Not for half a century after a great war can the pages of history be made white again. For beyond the exaltation of self-surrender, the unbearable suffering and the irremediable loss rise the sordid exhalations from war's purveyors. For as Burke observes, the war trader "scents from afar the cadaverous odor of lucre."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Are we down-hearted? Well, not exactly since we saw the announcement of the election results in France on Sunday, May 11th. Never say again that we are discouraged, or pessimistic, or even dubious. The overthrow of Poincaré and the triumph of the moderate Socialists, at this particular juncture of European affairs, bottles up enough sunshine to last us through the rest of our days, however dark they may be upon this earth. No event comparable to this has happened since the overthrow of Lloyd George; not even the advent of the Labor Party equals it. Its significance is simply enormous. First of all, the election marks the passing of Poincaré, the cruelest, ablest, most dangerous man that France has known since Bonaparte—the last, also, of the men responsible for the war. It took a long time, but the last of that wretched crew is now disposed of. Secondly, and more important, this election means confession of the failure of Poincaré's policies, more particularly of the Ruhr invasion and occupation. For all his ability and utter ruthlessness, the Premier could not make this abomination work; and increased taxes, in place of reparations, demonstrated the fact to even the dullest of the electorate. Lastly this election means a new government, untainted by war passions, delivered of hate and vengeance, free for healing action, above all things else, ready to co-operate with Macdonald for the saving of Germany and of Europe. How the English Prime Minister must be chuckling behind the door at the amazing good fortune which has befallen him. The gods are with him—the stars in their courses are fighting for him. Now, altogether; England, France, Germany! With Poincaré down and the Socialists up, a new era begins. Are we downhearted? No!!

Such an event as this French election has set us speculating as to whether the tide of political reaction which began to mount at the close of the Great War, has not been stayed, or perhaps even turned again to liberalism or radicalism. Mussolini and his ilk, to be sure, are still in power in many places, and the international bankers are having a perfectly glorious time. But it is interesting to note the recovery of the working-class movements of the world, and the surprising number of Socialist or labor groups which are now in control of government. In Great Britain, for example, there is British Labor, a full-fledged Socialist party at the head of the greatest empire in the world. In Russia there is the Soviet Republic, which, whatever may be thought of its principles and policies, is proletarian and not capitalistic in character. In Denmark the recent elections were carried triumphantly by the Socialists, and the government therefore passes over into the hands of the workers. In Finland, for all the horror of the White Terror after the War, the largest single political party is the Socialist. In Germany, at the May 4th elections, the Socialists won the largest number of seats, and the Communists made gains which have shaken Europe to its foundations. In Australia, there are labor governments long established in the allegiance of the people. Even in the United States, where capitalism flourishes in corrupt and shameless arrogance of power, there are movements looking toward the establishment of a labor party which are promising to say the least. All in all, the outlook is anything but black. Indeed though reactionaries were everywhere in the saddle, as they are not, we should still not despair. For, altogether apart from present success or failure, we know that the future belongs not to the Mussolinis but to the Macdonalds.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

We are still keeping tabs on the British Labor Party, and have another achievement to add to that remarkable record which includes to date the recognition of Soviet Russia, the release of Gandhi, the abandonment of the Singapore naval base project, and the publication before ratification of all treaties. This latest achievement, of course, is the Budget, lately introduced by Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a speech which recalled the days of Gladstone as finance min-

ister. Not in years has the House of Commons witnessed such a scene as that which followed the close of Snowden's address. For nearly two hours this crippled man held his audience spell-bound. Then, when he concluded on the verge of physical collapse, and was assisted by willing hands to his seat on the front bench, a great wave of sustained applause broke from the members of all parties. A despised pacifist mobbed and beaten for his opposition to the war, a dangerous "red" seeking the overthrow of ordered society, a Socialist feared, hated, spat upon for years, Mr. Snowden suddenly revealed himself even to his most prejudiced auditors as a finance minister of the first rank. His Budget was a masterpiece—offering a frank return to free trade, a drastic reduction of taxation, and yet a full provision for the needs and obligations of the Empire. That it will be adopted by the House is certain, for its reception throughout the country has been enormous. That it has added almost incalculable prestige to the Labor Party goes, of course, without saying. It seems generally agreed that, if the Government should appeal to the country today, it would be returned with an easy majority over all parties. It will be a long time before either Liberals or Tories dare to throw Macdonald and his colleagues out. And this, mind you, is a government of *Socialists,* working steadily, surely, inexorably toward the abolition of capitalism! How much longer will we be afraid of Socialism in this country, or delay in seeking our political salvation in the same force of destiny?

Sure evidence of the return of sanity in America is seen in the sigh of relief and joy which everywhere was lifted when it was announced that William J. Burns had retired as head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Brought to the Department of Justice by the late unlamented Attorney-General Daugherty, this cheap and vulgar detective was a worthy servant of his unspeakable master. His disappearance from the scene was as certain upon the advent of Attorney-General Stone, as the disappearance of vermin upon the advent of a sanitary inspector. The sooner this loathsome man and all his works are forgotten, the better. But meanwhile let it be remembered that it was this Burns who kept alive the "red" mania during these last few years. He it was who exploited the Wall Street explosion as a communist plot for the overthrow of government. He it was who went regularly to Congress for special appropriations to hunt down Bolshevik conspirators who were never found and Moscow agents who were never captured. He it was who organized a secret police worthy of the best days of the Tsar, and kept in his office lists of respectable citizens and societies of citizens whom it pleased his stupid pride to regard as enemies of the republic. And he it was who placed the "fake" material in his office at the disposal of various "patriotic" agencies for periodical campaigns of sensation and slander against radicals. It was nasty work, projected like a smoke-screen to hide the depredations of Daugherty's "Ohio gang," thrown like a bomb to terrorize all honest servants of the public good! Now, thank God, this chapter of infamy and shame is closed. The Department of Justice will once again resume its work of "justice." But let the lesson of the tale be fixed forever—that the hunter of "reds" always has a reason for his activities!

Wonders never cease! What do you think? Here is Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy in Wilson's cabinet, master and director of the great fleets of the United States in the World War, stating that the slogan in the 1924 election campaign should be, "Thou shalt not kill"! Let Ananias cry out, "Thou shalt not bear false witness"; let Robin Hood declare, "Thou shalt not steal"; let Don Juan proclaim, "Thou shalt not commit adultery"! But let not Josephus, wielder of the greatest instruments of murder in human history, affirm, "Thou shalt not kill"! Unless forsooth, in very truth, this is a case of Daniels come to judgment! But what evidence is there of this? Suppose this abominable Japanese exclusion business led suddenly to a war with Japan, would the ex-Secretary of the Navy leap up and offer to his countrymen the slogan, "Thou shalt not kill"? Suppose the Filipinos, with patience exhausted, hope shattered, and faith gone, declared a war for independence against the American empire, would the North Carolinian editor affirm, "Thou shalt not kill"? Suppose Europe became engulfed in another war, and America stood again on the brink of hostilities, as in 1917, would the immortal Democrat from Raleigh repudiate his example in the Great War, and cry, "Thou shalt not kill"? We hate suspicion of any man, but all the same, we cannot imagine any of these suppositions coming true. Death-bed repentances are all right—conversion is a road to God. But peace-time counsels are a million times to one hypocrisy! The time to say, "Thou shalt not kill," is when killing is going on in the name of patriotism. Josephus Daniels had his chance to say it at such a time, just as Debs did. But he didn't use his chance! On the contrary, he joined in the work of killing, and that right proudly, too. It is our conviction that a man must earn his right to be heard on these subjects, and this Mr. Daniels has not done.

In an advertisement of an evangelical campaign conducted by "the Wonder Working Main Girls," Miss Amie and Miss Rena, we saw a remarkable statement. It ran as follows:

> There has been some criticism of their preaching Divine Healing when they themselves had slight colds, but they are not fanatics and do not believe if the laws of nature are disobeyed they will be free from the consequences, but that God will heal. Their theory is that if Jesus' blood cleanses us from sin, why will He not cure us from the effect of sin. The devil is hard on their track and is trying to thwart them in every

way in their work, and they ask the prayers of all Christians that God may continue His blessing upon their work and give them strength and power to preach so that souls may be won for Christ.

This is one of the most perfect illustrations we have ever seen of how impossible it is to argue—i. e., seek truth—with persons who believe in and practice faith healing. The test of this problem, as of every other problem of the kind, is the scientific test of *results*. Does faith heal? On investigating the question, you find plenty of times and circumstances where it seems to heal, and plenty of times also when it does not. But does the frequent failure of faith to heal, weaken the faith of those who believe in it? Not at all! The Main Sisters have colds. This means that "the devil is hard on their track and is trying to thwart them . . . in their work." A patient languishes under Christian Science treatment. This means that the patient's mind is not open, his heart not surrendered, to the truth. A child dies after prayer and the laying on of hands. This means that the child was too ignorant or frightened to receive the divine power transmitted to him. No matter what happens, the result is to be explained on some other basis than that of the simple inefficacy of faith to do the job. The whole thing reminds us of Dr. Crother's delightful story of the men who undertook to investigate the rumor that Captain Kidd had hidden his treasure in a certain cave. They came back with the announcement that the report must be true, for Captain Kidd had hidden the treasure so well that they could not find it!

Now and again there is something like a sound scientific investigation into this business of faith healing, and then we get some results. One such by a committee of the Anglican Church was reported in these columns a few weeks ago. We find another reported in the April 17th issue of the *Christian Century,* which takes precisely the same position on this subject that we do. It seems that in May a year ago there was a revivalistic campaign in Vancouver, B. C., in which faith healing, so-called, played a prominent part. Following the campaign the ministerial association of the city appointed a committee, composed of eleven clergymen, eight physicians, three university professors, and one lawyer, to investigate the cures reported. The committee covered approximately 350 cases in an inquiry that lasted for a period of months. Of this number, 39 died within six months after their supposed cure; 5 became insane; in four other families, insanity developed from the failure of the announced cures to manifest themselves. Of the rest, only 5 cases were found to be distinctly benefited, and these were what is known as "functional" cases, where the organs show no evidence of structural disorder. "The detailed reports of this inquiry," says the *Christian Century,* "make gruesome reading. . . . A bit more such careful gathering of evidence . . . would protect a host of people from terrible disappointment and consequent spiritual loss." A conversation reported with a minister of St. Louis, shortly after a sensational series of healing meetings in that city, points the moral and adorns the tale. To the question as to whether the cures in this case were real, the minister replied, "Perfectly so." "And what sort of people were they who were thus cured?" he was asked. "O," came the reply, "the same folks that Hickson cured a year ago." Some of our readers may remember what we said about this Mr. Hickson when he was sincerely but misguidedly using the Episcopal churches in this country for his healings by prayer. Some of our best friends protested, but we think we were right.

The Universe

What do we mean by this prodigious word Universe? Perhaps we mean all that exists, what we know or think we know, *plus* everything else and whatever else we might know if we could see far enough and count all the things that might be conceivably seen. Thus, we think at once of the very latest reports of science from the vast fields of astronomical space. Stars and suns, beyond stars and suns, and dim forms of what might seem whole new universes still beyond, and shedding on our little earth rays of light that have become venerable on their stupendous journey from afar. And yet we promptly annex these belated universes to our own and proceed in cheerful audacity to capture still newer territory, or at least to dream and suppose that there may be plenty more in hiding from us, waiting to be revealed. Is there any objection, if we dare, at least provisionally, in view of these fresh vastnesses, and kindred ones still and always possible, to style our universe infinite? Is there not something in the nature of our minds, that after discovering so much and finding no boundary to our search, inclines to resent the likelihood that there are barriers? Having once got a notion of space, we are so made as to be fairly disappointed, and in a way to lose our breath, if space should ever shut in upon us. Give us plenty of space for our Universe to swim in. This is the idea of the Infinite. We can more readily imagine the annihilation, or anyway, the disappearance of everything material that constitutes the universe, sooner than we can get rid of the necessity, right now and here, for all the space that any number of resurrected universes would require. Possibly our minds ought to be overwhelmed with such thoughts, but they are not overwhelmed at all. Our minds can get on just as well with a "light-year" or a light-century for a unit of measurement as

an ordinary yard stick. So much for our beloved and wonderful universe on the side of its bigness.

But we go far towards doubling the value and richness of this infinite universe when we travel down beyond our usual short sight, and, taught by the masters of science, strain our attention in delving into the superb depths and corners of its littlenesses. Break any little thing up as far as you can, and we straightway find new existences stretching beyond us and stubbornly asserting themselves where our eyes cannot see them, and our microscopes presently fail; and we (or rather the few men, our pioneers, who know how) presently take the most extraordinary leaps of imaginative ingenuity. Here below us, they daringly guess, tiny worlds and systems of worlds exist; here, in the depths, are the secrets of the universe; the mind's eye here may even compress a giant constellation, like the Pleiades, into a quart bottle, and have room enough and to spare; and for aught you know possible inhabitants of one of the Pleiads would be just as happy with this new experience, as if they were to be thus ushered into Paradise. Why not?

Of course, no one is obliged to adopt so startling a conclusion. But all the doors and windows of the wildest speculation seem to stand open towards it. My point here is that every way above and below, and even without going over into the reservations, charted out by an occultist, and mathematicians with their ventures in fourth-dimensional securities, we common plodders of the 20th century already have got a meaning for the universe which until lately only the prophets and seers of mankind ever could have conceived. If it is ever possible to measure ideas by their vastness we have in this modern universe something bigger than God could have seemed to our fathers.

How soon, however, the biggest of spaces and distances ceases to interest us if bigness or complexity is all! Men begin now to take our astronomy, like the telephone, as a matter of course. The universe, however, is no mere gigantic store-house of curious things, as we may guess a dog's or a horse's universe would have to be. But lines of friendly relationship run through it; the matter, however different its shifting aspects are, discovers itself to be the same stuff, the elemental atoms are the same as make our bit of an earth; through all spaces the common light finds its way, and offers itself to carry messages; the ether, as we daringly name the mysterious atmosphere which we can neither breathe nor see, yet supports us somehow or bathes our bodies as it bathes and surrounds bodies everywhere. The mystery, or the law, of gravitation has everywhere to be reckoned with: or, even, if not that particular force, then some other binding principle, which we hardly doubt we could learn to use and obey.

In other words, we are urged to think of our universe as endowed with an underlying order; we discover nowhere any chaos or discord; we find, as far as we travel, and we cannot help expecting to find, wherever we may go beyond, whether amid immense motions and processes of construction, or where some strange process of seeming disintegration has set in, lines and curves and patterns not unfamiliar, but such as we carry in our minds when we build or paint, such as belong to the mathematics of our world. If we should discover unfamiliar ones we easily guess that we should be happy in making their acquaintance. This is to say that the ultimate key to our thought of the universe is an idea of unity, by virtue of which the most distant things, like the things about our door yards, have their proper and fitting places, where they tend to belong and to be at home. We can hardly doubt, if the particular bodies which we here inhabit, could be exchanged for bodies to fit the climate and conditions that perhaps hold and sustain living creatures inhabiting Jupiter or the planets of the North Star, or for aught we know adaptable to our own sun, that we should only need to take with us the same active, busy, eager and truth-loving minds that we now use, in order to settle down after a few months in the university of the supposed star, and to take up the citizenship there so far as to earn a useful living. Neither can we doubt that we should be obliged to work our passage, if we were disposed to live, and thus to demonstrate anew the universal law of life.

Moreover this wonderful universe seems to be full of the most extraordinary scheme of aptitude to make up into patterns of beauty, not without what seem to us on occasion, as if by way of contrast, extraordinary and startling specimens of ugliness. Like the queer boxes of type in odd sizes and shapes in a printing shop, it seems to be fitted up with all the means and appliances fit for telling multiform stories, to demonstrate truth, to annihilate falsehood, and by and by perhaps to make up into a grand story or drama. Why not? The stuff of it, in daily play with the stuff of our minds, is replete with ideas and pictures and persons. And the ideas, like everything else in it, not forgetting certain seeming contraries, seem busy to develop a unity of ideas and to talk with us, as we learn to talk with one another.

Again and again as we watch our opportunity we are lifted to a new level of comprehension of an acquaintance with our universe. Somehow there comes the suggestion of marvelous values, all emerging into a mode of our lives, where material things of every kind, big and little, pleasant or painful, of whatever shape and name, appear to be just parables and pictures fitted as it were for the adornment and illustration and the suitable emphasizing of a kind of idea, which under the names of truth and trust and faithfulness and loyalty and finally of an ineffable good will are made to seem more beautiful than we can express. In other words, our universe, the enigmatic, the mysterious, the tremendous, the vast, the infinite in bitterness, the overwhelm-

ing in resources and powers, is seen to be throughout as friendly as a mother to us, bent on our growth and understanding, the very soul of our being. We are of its nature and structure. We are its children. We are exalted into a vast comradeship of understanding and friendly spirits, co-workers in the work of the universe, children of its never ceasing, ever active and loving life. What else or less, as we watch and listen and hear its manifold voices and do its bidding and suffer and rise again and learn to love and rejoice in our love, can the universe be revealing to us? What else reasonable and intelligent, inspiring and surcharged with hope, do we mean, when we stand face to face with the universe and closer each time to its secret of truth, than the magnificent "Drama of the Victorious Goodness"! We are here—let us hail the gospel with gladness—to do its mighty will. And again the ancient prophetic word in a still greater sense is shown to be true, that "all things are yours," that is, ours, the heritage of the common man, no longer small and contemptible, but if only we will be patient and faithful, generous and appreciative, the heirs of the ages!

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jottings

We have put ourselves on a strict diet, are taking regular physical exercise, have gone into training generally, in preparation for the terrific strain of the June baccalaureates. We have found it harder every year to survive this ordeal, but hope to succeed at least this one more year by virtue of a rigid regimen.

The Methodists are to be congratulated on moving toward church unity in the merger of the Methodist bodies North and South. Once get rid of sectarianism *inside* the denominations, and there may be some good chance of getting rid of it *between* the denominations.

We are glad to note that the *New Republic* is defying that hoary old superstition, *"De mortuis nil nisi bonum,"* and is telling the truth about Harding and what it calls "the Ohio gang." Here is another place where we seem to have a blind-spot, for we have never been able to see why only good should be spoken of the dead any more than of the living. History at any rate does not heed this injunction; if a man is dead long enough, the truth is told. Hence—"Eventually, why not now?"

If there is anything we despise it is the commercialization of sentiment. "Mother's Day" is an example! What are we to think when we find a candy shop all plastered over with placards headed, "Do You Love Your Mother," and discover that, if you do, you will send her a pound of candy in memory of "Mother's Day"?

When Grey announced to Parliament in August, 1914, that England must go to war, J. Ramsay Macdonald said, "I think he is wrong. I think the government which he represents and for which he speaks is wrong. I think the verdict of history will be that they are wrong." Not often does "the verdict of history" register itself as promptly as in this case. Ten years! —and Grey is in retirement, Macdonald is Prime Minister, and history is proving that English policy in 1914 was mistaken.

For months we have been denounced as "pro-German" because we have been opposed to Poincaré and his damnable policies. Now the French people have repudiated him. Does this mean that the French people are pro-German, too?

J. H. H.

Military Preparedness: Can Any But Idiots Doubt Its Value?

To the present writer, it is an infinite comfort to see that our esteemed military and naval men are as faithfully as ever—as faithfully as before the great war in Europe—performing their unselfish and noble duty of keeping the nation warned that we are in peril—in grave and constant peril—because we do not have adequate military preparedness; that we require largely increased military and naval appropriations from the national treasury; that we need a larger army, more training camps, many more men in the navy; new and more perfectly up-to-date warships, many times more war airplanes, more deadly bombs and poison gases, and preparation to conscript, for war use, in the least possible time, the entire manhood and the whole industrial power of the nation. One cannot but exclaim in admiration and gratitude, "How wise our military and naval men are! How dangerous it would be for us to go to bed nights if they did not faithfully and nobly stand guard over our country and our homes, to see that no nation pounces down on us while we sleep!"

All this leads me to ask: Are there any other such idiots living on the earth, as people who deny or even doubt that the only safety of our own and every other nation in the world is to be found in military preparedness? Even before the European conflict of 1914-1918, such a doubt was really idiocy; and yet at that time we could try to look upon it with some degree of tolerance. But now, in view of the conclusive and unanswerable demonstration furnished by that struggle, can any intelligent man fail to see that the only fit place for such a doubter is an insane asylum, if not in front of a firing squad?

Why, think of it! Any one in his senses needs only to glance for a single moment at the philosophy, at the

logic, of the thing, to see that of course the militarists are right, that in the very nature of the case the way to secure peace is to prepare for war, and the way to make war certain is to prepare for peace.

The principle involved may be clearly illustrated by reference to individuals. If you desire to prevent a boy from wanting to shoot, be sure to give him a rifle. If you want to make a man peaceful, give him a thorough training either as a pugilist, a duelist, or a soldier. The way to make two neighbors love each other and never quarrel, is to induce each one to keep a cannon on his roof and a machine gun in his window, pointed at the other neighbor's house. In the same way, of course, if you want to make nations friendly and to insure that they will never go to war, you must arm them to the teeth. Hosea Bigelow was right when he said,

> Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
> Air good-will's strongest magnets,
> Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
> Must be druv in with bagnets.

There are no other such promoters of international good will as warships of the latest pattern. As soon as any nation sees a fleet of thoroughly up-to-date warships belonging to another nation enter one of its harbors, at once it begins to feel great affection for the nation from which the warships come. Our modern submarines, war airplanes, machine guns, dynamite bombs and poison gases are not only adding new lustre to our modern civilization, but they are binding nations together in new bonds of friendship. We have only to carry these peaceful influences far enough and make them numerous enough, to banish war entirely from the earth.

All this becomes as clear as the sun at noon, and clear for all time, as soon as we turn to the European war.

Idiotic pacifists, mollycoddles, and other terrible men have expressed the view that the presence in Europe of enormous armies and navies, constantly confronting one another and ready to fight, had something to do with bringing on the great conflict. Never! To dream such a thing should be treated as treason. The armies and navies were all peace-makers. The trouble was they were not large enough. Europe was not adequately prepared. If the armaments of the Allies and of the Central Empire had only been sufficiently powerful, there would have been no war; or, if by some strange chance war had arisen, it would at least have been of short duration and comparatively slight destructiveness.

Our military friends have been kind enough to explain to us very carefully the importance of "adequacy" in the preparedness of nations. Indeed, their logic of preparedness is based upon adequacy. Inadequate preparedness, they inform us, is "worse than nothing." It is "money thrown away." It is a "bridge built only part way across the river," which simply lands you in the middle of the stream and destroys you. This is the reason why they scorn moderate-sized armaments, and armies and navies maintained simply for purposes of national and international police. Everything depends upon the nation's preparedness being adequate.

What is adequate preparedness? Our military and naval men have been careful to give us exact information. Preparedness that is adequate is such preparedness as will enable a nation to "meet successfully every possible military and naval contingency," to "confront and overcome every possible enemy on land and sea." In other words, all that any nation has to do in order to be adequately prepared is to make itself invulnerable and irresistible; that is, it needs only to create for itself an army stronger than any army or combination of armies that can possibly oppose it, a navy more powerful than any navy or combination of navies that can possibly be brought against it, airplanes and poison gases the most powerful on earth, and fortifications that cannot be destroyed or captured, and the thing is done; the nation is safe absolutely, and can defy all the powers of the world. And of course, with adequate preparedness seen to be only a little thing like that, any reasonable nation, any nation not absolutely daft, ought to adopt it at once. That the nations of Europe were so infinitely stupid as to allow themselves to fail here, was their fatal mistake, for which they paid so dearly.

If Germany had prepared adequately, of course she would have smashed France at once, next Russia and next Great Britain; and then she would have been able to dictate terms of peace in Paris, Petrograd and London. Thus the war would have been greatly shortened, and endless trouble would have been saved all parties concerned. If Britain, France, and Russia had been adequately prepared, they too would have been irresistible and invulnerable, and therefore they would have crushed the German armies immediately, and pushed on to Berlin, to dictate terms of peace there. Thus everything in Europe would have been lovely.

If Belgium had been adequately prepared, that is, if she had provided for herself beforehand with an irresistible army, one considerably larger than Germany's she would have been able promptly to defeat her German invaders, and prevent the devastation of her territory. Thus all would have been well with her.

If Italy had been prepared adequately she would quickly have defeated Austria. If Austria had been adequately prepared she would as quickly have defeated Italy. If both had been wise enough before the war began to adopt the policy of adequate preparedness, of course both would have been easily and promptly victorious.

An adequately prepared Turkey would have sunk all the ships of the allies immediately on their arrival in the Dardanelles, would at once have destroyed or captured their entire army on the Gallipoli peninsula, and would quickly have sent the Russian bear howling back to his northern lair. At the same time an adequately prepared Russia would have captured Constantinople in a month, and driven Turkey out of Europe forever.

If Servia had been adequately prepared, that is, if she had provided herself with an army and with financial resources somewhat greater than those of Germany, Austria and Bulgaria combined, she would have conquered those powers and thus have been saved.

Thus, thanks to "adequate" preparedness, every nation at war in Europe would quickly have vanquished every foe, all would have been saved from their defeats and disasters, and Europe would have been an Eden of happy security!

Such is the sublime and unassailable logic of international safety by adequate preparedness.

Surely here we have a lesson for the whole world. If all nations desire peace and security, all they have to do is see to it that every one of their number performs the very simple task of providing for itself an army and a navy stronger than those of any other power

or possible combination of powers, and the work will be done,—the glorious day of the security of all humanity by military preparedness will have arrived. Even if wars arise, every nation will be able to defeat every other nation; each nation will be able to come off triumphant in every encounter, and universal peace will reign.

It is pathetic, it is tragic, that anybody in this age of enlightenment can fail to see this.

If this noble logic of peace and national security by universal preparedness shall suggest to any reader the historic and touching tale of the "Kilkenny cats," which "worried each other and worried each other until nothing was left but their tails," of course he will at once recognize the fact that the sad fate of the feline combatants was undoubtedly wholly due to their lack of proper preparedness. If only both had been prepared adequately, beyond a question each would have been able to annihilate the other entirely, caudal appendages and all, with the glorious result that both would have been triumphantly victorious and neither would have been harmed. Peace would have reigned thereafter forever in all the backyards of the neighborhood, and there is even some probability that each of the heroic victors would have been able to exact from the other a sufficient indemnity to cover the expense of the war.

So great a thing is "adequate military preparedness"! And logic is logic.

New York. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Soviet Russia!*

I went twice into Russia from Berlin, spending the month of September last in Moscow and going eastward five hundred miles in to the Volga district. I had been in Petrograd and Moscow the month of December previous.

When I landed in New York I had the purpose, among others, of trying to interpret Russia to my countrymen. It was a great surprise and disappointment to find how much the American mind had been poisoned against Russia. (It may be in place for me to say that I entered Russia at my own expense; that I visited every place I wished to visit and was not conscious of being watched.)

Let me remind you that what we call Russia is now a federation of twenty-five or twenty-six Socialistic Soviet Republics, reaching from Vladivostok to Moscow, including 140 million people.

"Soviet" means council. There are Village Soviets, District Soviets, Provincial Soviets—and at the top, the All-Russian Congress, meeting once a year, of the Soviet Republics. The Congress this year will meet in Turkistan. Last year it met in Moscow. This Congress of 3,000 members is the legislative body for all Russia. The President of the Congress is Kalinin.

The Congress elects a small council, which is the administrative body throughout the year. Lenin was the chairman.

I may add, that the Russians speak of their government as an industrial government, in contrast with English and American governments, which are largely political. Their soviets or councils, therefore, are made up of those who are elected to represent industrial groups. This distinction should always be borne in mind when Russian government is considered; also that only workers are allowed to vote.

I found Russia the most hopeful country in Europe. I mean by this, that conditions have vastly improved and are still improving and the people seem more bright and hopeful. The crisis seems to be over with them, while in other parts of Europe the nations are insecure and fearful.

The harvests in Russia have given the people enough to eat. The country itself being agricultural and to a small per cent industrial, is naturally self-supporting and independent—and whether recognized or not is in a large measure sufficient unto itself.

Another mark of this hopefulness I found to be the general belief in the stability of the government.

One of the first questions I asked on getting upon Russian soil was, "How much Communism have you here?" I freely asked this of Communists and non-Communists. The Communists generally replied, laughingly, "Not any." I found the reason for their answer to be in the fact that the retreat in the actual working of the Communist program was so far that it seemed to the orthodox Communists as if Communism had been entirely lost sight of. However, I found on investigation the following to be the fact:

The present government is in the form of state capitalism. This means that all the great industries, such as coal, iron, oil, railroads, lumber, etc., are managed by the state. Further, that all private enterprises of any considerable scale are organized and administered under concessions from the state. There is a small region of business activity in which private capitalism may function. The boundary line between state, capitalism and private capitalism is constantly changing. It may be said, however, that the state, either in its own officials or through strictly worded concessions or through co-operatives, is doing the great mass of the business of the country. It is possible that the realm in which private business is allowed will be considerably increased as the years go on.

The orthodox Communist will tell you that while they have retreated through necessity into state capitalism, they have in mind as a goal the creation of a Society of the Workers, by the Workers and for the Workers, and that what is done in the way of legislation and education in the army, in the schools and universities is meant to lead to that end.

I found, however, certain marks of Communism. One is the obliteration of all titles. The one term "Comrade" is good enough for everybody and is generally used. This spirit of comradeship expresses itself in social equality, in the absolute equality of woman with man, in the absence of officers' clubs in the Red Army, and in practically every phase of life.

When one enters Soviet Russia it would be well to remember a few things about the Russian people. In the first place, the suffering of the people throughout the centuries previous to the Great War was very great, revealing itself in Siberian exiles, in wholesale imprisonments, in brutal treatment of the peasants, in widespread illiteracy, in the subservience of the church to the state. This is all well known to historians, and it should be remembered that whatever horrors have occurred in recent years, whether done by the Reds or by

*A talk broadcasted from the Radio Station of the *Post-Intelligencer*, Seattle.

the Whites, it can be duplicated in the suffering of the people for centuries previous to the war.

Another thing that should be remembered: the Russians suffered as much by the war as any other people. Russia lost, I am told, over a million and a half soldiers. Then came the elimination of the czar and the consequent chaos that inevitably follows when an age-long regime breaks up, especially one like that of which the czar was the head. Then came the revolution—or more properly speaking, the revolutions. There was a time during 1917 when the government belonged to almost any group in Russia—different ones grabbed it and then relaxed their hold. The men who at present have hold of the government lost it once during that year and became hunted exiles.

Following the revolution came the great counter-revolution, when those who had been put out sought to get back. This was a time of great violence, as is always the case with a revolution when a counter-revolution comes. This was followed by the attack of the Allies from all sides, Japanese, Germans, French, English, Americans, and the present government fought at one time on twelve battle fronts.

In all this the Russian people were great sufferers. There was also the embargo on Russia, which sometimes is worse than war. Then came the civil war, when the government fought for its life against forces within Russia, and during this time was the great famine—perhaps the greatest in Russian history—a nation that has known great famines; a time when America came to the rescue and fed, literally, millions of people who otherwise would have died.

During this time the government contended with the forces that made the Church their refuge and point of attack, and during all this time the Russian people, with the government, had been ostracised by most of the nations of the earth. I speak of these things largely to help us remember the sufferings through which the Russian people have gone, and also the obstacles which the present Soviet Government had to overcome. The present government has had practically only two years of peace.

Now, remembering these things, I think you will view with interest some of the things I saw. I paid close attention to the railroads upon which I rode into Moscow and down into the Volga. I traveled quite comfortably—as comfortably as in other parts of Europe. The trains were on time. I understand the railroad industry has been put fairly well on its feet. The roadbed was good; new rails by the hundreds I saw being put in. I noted the farms as I went through the country which looked much like Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, except that the houses were not so good as ours.

I took note of the Red Soldiers as I saw them at the entrance of the country and in the cities, and while I am not partial to soldiers in any country, I am glad to note a few things about the Red Army. In the first place, it is 100 per cent literate—all can read and write. All are compelled to study during their training. There are no officers' clubs, and hence no snobbery in the army. When off duty the soldiers and officers are all comrades.

I handled some good money made in Russia. The name of their standard is the chervonitz, which is worth nearly $5.00 and is good in London—as good as the pound Sterling. It is on a gold basis. A part of the money in popular use among the people is still the paper rubles, which, however, are being rapidly recalled. Russia expects to have 100 per cent stable currency—perhaps this year.

The streets of Moscow are lined with shops similar to those one may see in an American city. There are hotels and restaurants and electric lights and automobiles and street cars. I found that the street car service was paying its own way.

I visited what is called the Peasants' House in Moscow—a kind of farmers' hotel. Here the peasant may come on his visit to Moscow, find lodging and also in the house find government officials who will guide him in pursuit of the object that has brought him to Moscow—whether it be to buy tractors, or to install electricity in his village or to discuss schools, or to establish a co-operative. I talked with many of the peasants and discovered that while they had all been having a very hard struggle, yet during the last two years they had been getting on and would not go back to pre-revolution conditions, because now they have more land and more self-government.

I visited several times the great National Exposition at Moscow, which was set up with the peasant chiefly in mind. It was a very artistic and well ordered exposition and attended by multitudes. American visitors, like Senator La Follette, could hardly be kept away from the fair, so interesting it was—the Russian having to a high degree the artistic and dramatic art for exhibition. Every day of the fair six thousand peasants were in attendance, whose expenses had been paid entirely from the time of leaving home to getting back home and who were being entertained in Moscow by workers in the factories.

I also attended an election. It was the day for choosing members of the Moscow city council, or soviet. I was asked to come to the courtyard of the Foreign Office at two o'clock. On arriving I found assembled 200 of the employees of the Foreign Office in the courtyard, from the highest official to the janitor and scrub woman, and with the 200 I marched through the streets of Moscow to a large assembly hall where 2,000 finally came together, representing twenty different industrial unions, needle workers, bank clerks, etc. The meeting reminded me of an American political meeting, with chairman and secretary and free speech. The outgoing member of the soviet spoke for half an hour, giving reasons why he should be returned. Then the meeting was thrown open to nominations. The meeting lasted three hours and was full of discussions by many people. It reminded me of one of the town meetings in New England. The candidates were chosen by show of hands, not by secret ballot.

I attended a trial, along with Olga Tolstoy as interpreter—the trial of a conscientious objector. I was impressed by the simplicity of the court proceedings. It reminded me of the old justice courts in my boyhood days. Everything was done on a level floor—no one sat above the other. There were three judges, one a man who was the judge of the law; the other two were women, appointed by labor unions, who were judges of what is called the "Revolutionary Conscience." This means that an offense is serious or light as far as it affects the Revolution (not the public welfare). A Communist, for example, will receive a much heavier sentence, because he has not only broken a law, but he has been a traitor to the Revolution.

I read a strong letter in the daily press by the Health Commissioner of Moscow against vodka and for the en-

forcement of the law. He maintained that anyone who did not favor the enforcement of the law against vodka was a traitor to the Revolution.

I saw Madame Lenin, who is known as Krupskaia. She is chairman of the Board of Education and is unsparing in her devotion to her work. She and men like Lunacharsky, the well-known educator, are doing their best to reduce illiteracy in Russia. Their task is very great. Madame Lenin regretted that the educational contacts which Russia once enjoyed with America were all cut off—that they could not have the benefit even of United States reports on education or the publications of American Foundations. She said they were very poor and greatly in need of help in these outside relations.

I found thousands of young men and women in the universities. It is worth noting, that 90 per cent of the students of the universities, however, are nominated by either trade unions or the Communists. The reason for this is that the express purpose behind the government is the creation of what they call a proletarian education; proletarian music, proletarian art, proletarian culture, of which the worker is the cornerstone—but chiefly to provide leaders for a socialistic society.

I had an interesting interview with Metropolitan Peter, head of the Russian Church in Siberia. It has escaped the observation of many Americans who have thought only of the political revolution in Russia, that events have happened in the Russian Church—the Church that includes in its membership practically all the Christians of Russia—a Church similar in its liturgy and in its ordering to the Roman Catholic Church, and frequently called the Greek Catholic Church.

You will be interested in having me enumerate a few of the things that Metropolitan Peter cited as recent important events in the Church. I asked him what had happened to the Church during the last ten years. He said, first, "Bishops marry; I am married." This means that exclusive domination in Church life by monks has been eliminated. Those acquainted with church history will know how important an event this is. Second, the ruling head of the Church has been eliminated in the fall of the czar. This was a great event in the life of the Church and brought much temporary disorder. Third, the Church and State are separate—another important reformation.

This leads to a question that has been often asked me as to whether the Soviet Government has persecuted anyone for their religious activities or views. I carefully went into this question. I was present at a long interview which Senator King of Utah held with some of the leaders of the Church, and I also questioned a number of the Quakers who were giving relief in various parts of Russia and were acquainted with the village life and village churches, and so far as I could learn no one has been molested on account of his religion; no church has been closed because it was a church, but for some alleged political offense against the government. One Quaker worker said that the people told her that the priests were not molested on account of religion, but that sometimes they were molested on account of their "big pockets." So far as I can learn, the Church and State in Russia are as separate as in America. The Church of St. Pieman in Moscow, for example, was closed and later turned over to a young Communist Club, the alleged reason being that it had been used as a place to manufacture vodka.

Fourth, continued Bishop Peter, the Church is practically penniless. It formerly had rich subsidies from the czar; now it has nothing. Practically its only income is from the selling of the little tapers to the worshippers who enter the church. Bishops that once were living in palaces now reside in garrets.

Fifth, the Church is more democratic. This would naturally happen from the fall of the czar, and also as a consequence of the great creative energy let loose by the revolution. Local churches now even call their pastors.

What has taken years to bring about in German and English history has occurred in ten years in Russia, and the effects of these great reformations will be felt for decades to come.

I have, since my return, been many times asked whether America should recognize Russia. In answering this question, it ought to be remembered that recognition of one government by another does not imply approval of the other's character, but simply a willingness to do diplomatic business—and my view about recognition is as follows:

The present government of Russia should be recognized, since all signs point to its being permanent—as permanent as any in Europe, at least. In addition, I learned from many competent observers that the present leaders are able and honest and actively fighting against graft in bureaucracy, and are also trying to put through a constructive program.

The peace of Europe depends in good part on the recognition of Russia by America and the entrance of Russia into the family of nations. Recognition would add a necessary element to European politics that in a few months would materially change the situation for the better. The presence of Russia in European councils is imperative for the gaining of any permanent solution.

Third, the recognition of Russia by America will set in motion the educational and religious forces of America that are seeking to gain entrance into Russia. I am deeply interested in the religious and educational future of the Russian people, who have for decades suffered from impoverishment and from the despotism that aimed to keep the clergy in isolation and ignorance. It will be practically impossible for Americans to assist unless diplomatic doors are thrown open.

The present government of Russia is not spotless. None of the European governments with which America associates diplomatically is spotless. At the time of the American Revolution the Old Countries treated America about the same as America is now treating Revolutionary Russia; they treated us badly and without sense or vision. I am hoping that America will not commit the crime committed against her when she was young.

My desire for the recognition of Russia by America is quite as much for the good of America as for Russia—it is for the peace of the Family of Nations.

—*Sydney Strong.*

An April Day in the Alleghanies

In this glowing hollow we have descovered the spring; nay—today we thought we had suddenly stumbled upon summer. In all directions the mountains surround this cup-shaped valley, their sides austere against the meadows, brooks and low-lying hills. The maple leaves are a beautiful dull red—growing, daily, deeper and ruddier, while the buds gleam golden on the silver branches of the plane trees and the tender green of the lilacs tells us that summer is surely on the way. The blue periwinkles and the tiny pink daisies laugh up at us from the grass at our feet, and the greening privet nods us welcome.

The golf links are a riot of beauty and music. The deeply wooded hills of brown and gray with their clumps of dark evergreens seem to be still in their winter's sleep except at their bases where a fringe of soft pale green is showing. On the fairways, the velvety greens and the dancing brooks, great flocks of robins fly across our paths or scurry to avoid a golf ball. Blackbirds chortle on the branches or scatter the spray into miniature rainbows as they revel in the water. Yellow hammers, woodpeckers and bluebirds are building their nests and one ambitious robin is already nestling in a nearby maple. The cardinals and the linnets sing to us from the seclusion of their leafy bowers, and one white robin flits disconsolately from tree to tree. This morning a huge patch of dandelions gleamed golden beneath a cherry tree laden with white blossoms. Suddenly the dandelions seemed to come to life and scores of wild canaries fluttered about the grass, or rose and alighted on the boughs above, like golden stars against a white background.

Our motor takes us from this peaceful valley into the world beyond. The red-clay road follows the course of a little creek which we ford and re-ford as we wind around and over the mountains. On both sides the mountains tower and, for a time, the sun is hidden. Off in the distance the sarvis trees, in snowy bloom, look like tombs and gravestones on the sombre mountain side. But a bend in the road, and the sun emerges from behind a peak and all is changed. The myriads of sugar trees, like great honey colored pompoms and ostrich plumes, wave us a gay greeting while, here and there, a dancing cascade looks like nothing so much as milady's diamond-tipped aigrettes.

At the gate of a neglected cabin, two hickory trees stand, black and leafless except for a cluster of yellow leaves at the tip of each branch-like golden-headed wand—while, just below, the pussy willows, in their pale green freshness, are emerging from their dull wooly gowns which are still hanging in tatters. Cinderella, stepping from her rags into a fairy frock!

On the banks of the creeks are huge clumps of great purple violets, hepaticas and spring beauties while the bloodroot, with its waxen blossoms wanders up and down the rocky bank.

Quaint bridges span the streams in their broader parts, all sagging in the center. One foot bridge, in particular, is very interesting. A large maple flanks each side of the stream, with a narrow circular stairway built about it. At a height of about twenty feet, where the trees begin to branch, is a little platform and here a narrow bridge, made of two planks is suspended from iron bars, and is protected on each side by wire netting. What an exciting bridge for children to cross! What romances their little minds must weave about it!

A niche in the hillside, with the dark frowning mountain as a background, where a pear orchard snuggles—its upright spikes covered with white bloom—like a cave filled with stalactytes.

Above the hum of the motor car, the songs of the birds rise clear and sweet. A burst of color against the blue sky and a pair of tawny cardinals fly across our path!

The sassafrass leaves, still enveloped in their crimson sheaths, but protruding at the top are as smooth and fresh and gleaming as if they had just emerged from a refreshing bath, and here the young maples are covered with tassels of scarlet and green, and the linden trees seem enveloped in dull gold lace.

On an exposed hillside the apple trees are about to burst into bud. The sap has given them an eager glow. Some, in a sunnier location, are tinged with a faint pink flush. Some are in rosy bloom while others, in more sheltered spots, are covered with blossoms and leaves.

Here and there is a small tree; the trunk smoke gray and the branches a paler, glossy gray. At the end of each branch is a solitary flower which looks like a golden button. In color and shape it resembles the single blossom of the mimosa, but is larger and more compact. Who could dream that this would later develop into the beautiful white blossoming dogwood? The Judas trees, or red buds, are in full bloom and throw a mauve glow over the fruit blossoms close beside them. Nearby, a cluster of leafless white birches, like tall slender maidens waiting patiently and unashamed among their gayly bedecked sisters. Do they know that their nakedness is as beautiful as the green and gold, the purple and bronze of their companions?

And last year's leaves, tossed by the winds, unveil patches of the arbutus—dearest of all wildflowers—which trails its fragrant bloom o'er many a mossy spot.

The chestnut trees are just coming into leaf and their half furled umbrellas seem waiting to be opened at the first raindrop of the storm, which we see gathering in the southeast.

H. S.

A French View of the Nietzsche Myth

One of the most unfounded delusions thrust on us in war time was the misuse of the name of Nietzsche, a lone thinker, the author of the subtlest kind of analyses of supposed truths, the maker of paradoxes, that is, truths seen from varying angles, a man whose delight was to pick out fallacies in conventional notions, who withal feared "all fraternity as a form of decadence and above all disliked Prussians, people who had no fingers, only thumbs." In common thought in the allied countries, Nietzsche is taken as the apostle of military force. His name is popularly associated with that of his temperamental and intellectual opposite, Treitschke, as a defender of "the blood and iron" of Bismarckism, and his "Superman," a compound of intelligence, grace and patience is confounded with the *"Uebermensch"* of the "war hawks."

In a recent work in four volumes, published in Paris, entitled *"Nietzsche sa Vie et sa Pensée"* (his life and thought), Professor Charles Andler of the Sorbonne gives a just and lucid statement of the actual Nietzsche. From this I translate a few paragraphs:

> The valor of man suffers a cruel loss through the present military organization. . . . In the German army are all the faults, for which, without restriction, Nietzsche blames modern militarism. The army is the first of the great social organizations constructed on the model of the modern industrial machine. . . . The army has made of an infinite multiplicity of engines a single machine fitted for a single end. The originality of the human soul, the sovereignty it has over itself is lost and forgotten in the monotonous rounds of the military machine. Greater than the losses, financial and industrial, and the waste of time it imposes for years on the best, the most intelligent, is this wearing out of individuality, and obliteration of character which constitutes the profound corruption of militarism.

Nietzsche imagines the thought of an impartial visitor from another world "witnessing the forcible tearing away of all vigorous youth of twenty years from their useful duties." Henceforth the spectator sees them

> employed in forming long parades along the streets keeping rhythmic step . . . accompanied by savage music, all doing the same meaningless things, while the rest of the population has to provide their food. These men, the flower of the healthy youth are regarded as equals because they wear coats cut just alike. In a time of universal free discussion these alone must always obey without knowing the reason for their obedience. Criticism of grave errors and the most manifest abuses is forbidden, even to the most clear-sighted among them. Draconian punishments, death even, are pronounced even for trifling peccadillos. Would not this spectator think that he was witnessing a group of barbarisms constantly exposed to the most pressing danger of attack? Yet this is the armed peace of Europe which offers this anachronism, and this revival of the most savage traits of the distant past.

Nietzsche continues:

> It is only by favor of circumstances that men of superior culture now exist. With what anxious parsimony we ought to care for them, since it takes long intervals of time to create the conditions which develop such delicate brains! But as the Greeks poured out Greek blood in surges, so the Europeans of today pour out waves of European blood. For the most part it is the most capable who in largest proportion are destroyed, those who would promise with most certainty a large progeny and a good race. Such as these take the lead in battle and because of their loftier ambition expose themselves most to its perils.

But, as Andler observes,

> one should not in Nietzsche look for what does not exist, a consistent and continuous philosophy of the conduct of life. He is an intense individualist, opposed to a coalescent cosmopolitanism. He would direct the military spirit if it must exist, to the control of backward races. He would let loose the energy of the intellectuals, not against one another, but against the powers of darkness. "Civilized races can be conquered only by superior culture. Better death than hate and fear, better die twice than be feared and hated. This will some time be the maxim of all organized political society."

Evidently, as Andler insists,

> there is some mistake in continuing to picture Nietzsche as the apologist of Saint Devastation.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

A Soldier Turned Pacifist

I was brought up as an ardent militarist, not to say jingo, and in 1865 entered the army as a professional soldier. I was twice wounded in the war of 1870, and for the next 40 years detested the Germans and ardently prepared for a war of revenge. Now, at the age of 77, I have become an uncompromising pacifist, a keen internationalist, and a strong partisan of a Franco-German *rapprochement*.

The war of 1914-1918 showed me the fallacy of believing that war is an unavoidable evil, the only method of settling international disputes. I now see that war no longer pays; it does not even secure peace, but only breeds immorality and opens the door to political reaction. Victory is no longer the reward of bravery, of ardor in a just cause; it is but the result partly of superiority in mechanical resources, partly of purely fortuitous circumstances, so that the wrong side is as likely to win as the right. War is not only a ruinous, barbarous and inhuman way of settling international disputes, but an extremely stupid way as well, and must be replaced by something rational and effective. That method is not the arbitration of the League of Nations—but of a real league, from which no one is excluded, not even Germany.

The fundamental error of the Treaty of Versailles was to negotiate without Germany, to extort from her a confession of guilt, and to make her solely responsible for war damages. There can be no solution to the problem of reparations as long as the responsibility of each belligerent in the World War has not been defined by a tribunal in which France will not be simultaneously judge and plaintiff. That tribunal must be the League of Nations.

Before the League can be, however, a true international body, it must be controlled by men with a true international outlook, not by delegates primarily charged with the defense of their own country's interests. What then are the practical steps to be taken toward this end?

First the creation of an international mind by the suppression of barriers such as customs and passports.

Secondly, the destruction of the war-time mind by educating peoples to the fallacy of old traditions concerning the alleged glory of war and the supremacy

of so-called national interests; by inculcating into children the idea that there is nothing more "noble" about the profession of arms than about that of a scavenger; by remolding our teaching of history; by no longer giving soldiers or weapons as toys; by refusing to perpetuate in street names either battles or soldiers, replacing such names by those of real benefactors of humanity—in a word, by making pacifism as fashionable as "bellicisme" has been hitherto.

Thirdly, the suppression of the chief cause of war, by the internationalization of the wealth of the subsoil, such as the coal of the Ruhr, the iron ore of Lorraine, the oil of Mosul.

It is to that triple reform that the League of Nations should now direct its energies.

—*Gen. Pencin,*
French Artillery Officer in L'Ordre Nature.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ORDER"

[Edwin D. Mead addressed the following letter, last week, to a group of the Massachusetts delegates to the Women's International Peace Conference at Washington.—Ed.]

Dear ———:

I am glad to know that our peace women are to make "The New International Order," the subject of their great convention in Washington. I trust that fitting reference will be made to the eloquent coincidence by which you meet in the week following the bi-centenary of the birth of Immanuel Kant, the most illustrious and most influential of all the great thinkers who through the generations have served the cause of international peace. His message was very simple, but very drastic, —that the only way to peace was through *a new international order.* In an absolutist and militarist time and place, he said that all governments must become republican, that these free states must league themselves together in an international union of free states, and that all the states must be good neighbors. Kant's whole gospel was embodied in those three articles, the third of which is at this moment being so offensively scouted by our Senate in its attitude toward Japan.

It was in 1784—as Lincoln would say, seven score years ago—that Kant published his first great international essay, which bore the title of "The National Principle of Political Order," a phrase so closely akin to the subject to which you are to devote your Washington convention; and it was in this essay that he first demanded and prophesied "the establishment of a universal cosmopolitan institution," which was a precise anticipation of Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations.

Your European friends will, I think, bring home to your audiences some of the sad consequences which have resulted from the failure of our Senate to co-operate with President Wilson in his great endeavor. If they do something to rouse our people to a keener sense of their international duty, we shall be their debtors. I believe that it is the women voters of the country who will exercise a determining influence in compelling right action by our government upon the three matters of Japanese exclusion, the World Court, and the League of Nations, which are now upon our minds and consciences. If during the next fortnight the women of the country speak with power—and I believe the President and Mr. Hughes would be profoundly grateful to them for doing so—I believe the President will veto the act containing the Japanese exclusion provision, whatever Congress does with his veto, thus measurably saving our honor before the world.

The Senate's dealing with the matter of our adherence to the World Court has been nothing less than a scandal. The bill has lain pigeon-holed in the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations more than a year. The last words of Charles Sumner, whose great services on the Foreign Relations Committee Massachusetts always remembers with gratitude and honor, were: "Remember the Civil Rights Bill." The last charge of President Harding was: "Remember our duty to join the World Court." The first message of President Coolidge to Congress repeated the same injunction; it is, he said, the only practicable plan. That was in December. In April the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee announced that in May hearings will be held on the subject. Congress adjourns in June; and none of us needs to be told that the purpose of this whole shilly-shally is to prevent action until after the conventions. Will the women voters of the country say with power, and say it now, that what is wanted is not hearings—the time for hearings was last January—and no more talk, and no longer silence, but action? Our greatest American international man, Elihu Root, was the most influential member of the committee that organized the Court. Our greatest teacher of international law, John Bassett Moore, is one of its judges, elected, to our shame be it said, by other votes than ours. Every other enlightened nation has already joined the Court. President Wilson, President Harding and President Coolidge have all earnestly urged the Senate to act. The arguments are all in. The people have made up their minds—and they will not read another batch of senatorial declamations, if its indulgence is decreed. The Senate should act at once, and act in the spirit of the founders and the high international traditions of the Republic. It will do so if the citizens demand it with power and promptness; and American women are now citizens.

Edwin D. Mead.

FROM CANADA

Dear Unity:

A wave of crime including robbery, robbery with violence, bank robberies, etc., seems to be sweeping the continent at this time. The bankers have invented armored cars to take their valuables from place to place, and they are calling to their aid the "Courts," who are imposing sentences up to twenty-five years imprisonment and the lash in addition, in an effort to end the robberies. It is quite clear from these things that the bankers would have the people think that such crimes are wholly caused by personal inclination and can be cured by the application of terms of imprisonment and the lash. They close their eyes to the relationship of economic conditions and crime waves.

Discussion of these things has recently taken place in the parliament at Ottawa. J. S. Woodsworth M. P. (Labor) recently drew attention to the fact that the financiers of Montreal were demanding the lash, and savage sentences, for men who robbed banks, but they did not turn a hand to bring about any punishment for the bank directors and managers who caused banks to fail and thus robbed the people of the savings of a lifetime. The financial group is making great protest over the fact that the Hon. E. J. McMurray recently suspended the application of the lash to a Montreal prisoner who had been sentenced to twenty-five years imprisonment and the lash for bank robbery. Mr. McMurray is Solicitor General for Canada, and his general attitude seems to be indicated by the fact that a week or so ago he argued on the floor of parliament against capital punishment. Miss Agnes McPhail (Progressive) in arguing that savage sentences and capital punishment were ineffective, reminded the Parliament that there was a time when men were hanged for pocket picking, and at these hangings, which were carried on in sight of the public for example sake, it was habitual for the pockets of the onlookers to be picked. Clearly the sentence was neither exemplary nor preventive in such cases.

The Manitoba Branch of the Independent Labor Party has sent a protest to the Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice, against the application of the lash and says in part:

"The use of the lash is . . . a barbarous and unsuccessful way of dealing with such matters . . . Dr. Adrian Bonger of Amsterdam . . . after a review of crime in all countries covering many decades states that 'crime is primarily due to social conditions, and only secondarily due to personal inclination' . . . The lash is . . . a case of ferocity and barbarism being applied where we have not been bold enough or thoughtful enough to evolve an effective remedy. We respectfully submit that the application of the lash to stop robberies is a confession of failure on the part of the state to deal with the situation that has arisen . . . To remedy social conditions offers more hope of success than does the application of the lash to convicted prisoners . . . Still further we would submit the gross injustice of punishing by the lash men who rob houses or the person, even with violence, while those who filch the resources and treasures of the nation are allowed to defend themselves with the possessions thus secured, and to whom the application of the lash, or even a prison sentence, is not even suggested . . . We agree with Clarence Darrow when he states . . . 'It's easy

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

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PROGRAM

Rev. Fred V. Hawley—Minister Unity (Unitarian) Church.

Prof. Percy H. Boynton—Professor of English, University of Chicago. Prof. Boynton has secured first editions of Whitman, which will be on display.

Beatrice Colby Hyman—Educator.

Clarence Darrow—Lawyer, Writer and Lecturer.

Llewellyn Jones—Literary Editor of the Chicago *Evening Post.*

Haridas T. Mazumdar—Writer and Lecturer, who will speak on Whitman and Gandhi.

Rev. Walter H. McPherson—Minister of the Universalist Church of Joliet, Ill.

Stephen Marion Reynolds—Lawyer and late Secretary of the Western Writers' Association, will act as chairman.

Songs — By Mrs. Clara M. Schevill — Marion Lychenheim at the piano.

Hon. Parley Parker Christensen — Late Presidential Candidate of the Farmer-Labor Party.

At the outside we have accommodations only for two hundred and seventy guests. Last year more than fifty people were obliged to go to a neighboring dining room to be served.

Therefore, reservations should be made by return mail, addressing Dr. Morris Lychenheim, Suite 1308, Mentor Building, 39 South State Street, Chicago, Phone Dearborn 5632.

CAPTAIN HIBBEN'S WORK FOR RUSSIAN CHILDREN

The American Committee for Relief of Russian Children, of which Capt. Paxton Hibben is head, has announced that it will liquidate its work for the destitute children of Russia on June 30.

"It is not that there is no longer need for such work," Capt. Hibben declares. "There is terrible and compelling need, that wrenches one's heart-strings. But it is no longer possible to raise money to meet this need at the very low cost of raising funds that we have set as the limit of our overhead. So we must stop. We are still $4,000 short of what we have promised to send over before June 30. I do not know whether we shall even be able to keep our word or not. If not, a lot of Russian babies will just have to die."

The American Committee was formed on May 27, 1921, as the only entirely independent, non-political, non-sectarian purely American committee for Russian child-salvage. Approximately $200,000 has been raised by this Committee for feeding, clothing, hospitalization and medical care of Russian and Jewish famine-orphans, for the most part since March, 1922, when the Committee was reorganized under the direction of Capt. Hibben.

The American Committee, throughout, has distributed its supplies and conducted its work in Russia without overhead costs, at first through the Russian Red Cross; later, through Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's League of Nations relief organization in Russia; and on the liquidation of Dr. Nansen's work, through the "Save the Children Fund International Union" of the International Red Cross, at Geneva, whose representative in Russia checks every expenditure and oversees the work done. Dr. George Stewart, Jr., of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York, and Miss Mary Lena Wilson, of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, secretary of the Committee, have acted as American inspectors of the Committee's work in Russia.

Throughout 1922, the American Committee cared for 27,700 orphans in 9 stations in the Volga famine area. In 1923, while reducing the work somewhat in the Volga region, as conditions there improved, the American Committee extended its work into the Ukraine where conditions were then at the worst. It established homes for children at Alexandrovsk (600 children) and Orekhof (300 children) on behalf of the American Christian Relief Mission. In addition, through the summer of 1923, 31 additional "mother and child" feeding stations and maternity stations were maintained, caring for 3,000 persons. In the Ekaterinoslav region, 1,000 persons; in the Pavlogradsky region 550; in the Krivoi Rog region, 600; in the Alexandrovsk region, 600, and in the Berdiansk region, 300. Sixty per cent of those cared for in these stations were children from birth to 4 years of age, and 40 per cent pregnant women or women with suckling babes.

On November 16, 1923, the American Committee undertook, also, the opening of three hospitals for orphan children: one at Samara, caring monthly for 262 regular patients (in 105 beds!) and giving medical treatment to 7,337 out-patients; a sanatorium at Ai Danyl, the Crimea, for tubercular children, and a children's home and hospital in Turkestan. Of the hospital at Samara, the report of the International Red Cross says:

> "By the way in which it is run this hospital deserves to be recognized as one of the best at present existing in Russia and in the whole Volga region, where it is unique, rendering inestimable service quite as much by its character as a model institution as by the immediate succor which it affords."

Of the work of the American Committee Dr. Nansen wrote Capt. Hibben on Jan. 7, 1924:

> "May I ask you to accept personally and to convey to your Committee my sincere gratitude for your confidence and for the co-operation which has, I think, been very successful and has resulted in the relief of a great many Russian children who would otherwise have been destitute."

ANTI-WAR RESOLUTION PASSED IN BIRMINGHAM

The Conference on Politics and Citizenship meeting in Birmingham, England, adopted the following resolutions:

"That the Christian churches should in their public testimony and with all their influence oppose all policies that provoke war, and support all conditions in the relations of nations favorable to peace and the agencies which support peace.

"That they should unreservedly condemn and refuse to support in any way a war waged before the matter in dispute has been submitted to an arbitral tribunal or in defiance of the decisions of such a tribunal."

As passed, these resolutions were also amended to the effect:

"That all war is contrary to the spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ."

THE WAR AGAINST WAR.

[The following Resolution was passed by unanimous vote by the Methodist Ministers of Chicago. This is one more admirable utterance added to those already printed in these columns.—Editors.]

"Whereas: We realize that the war system is inherently wrong and unChristian, and,

"Whereas: We believe that whatever

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to see how to do away with what we call crime. It is not so easy to do it. . . . It can be done by giving the people a chance to live—by destroying special privilege. So long as big criminals get the coal fields . . . the public street cars, and the gas rights . . . so long as men are allowed to monopolize all the earth, and compel others to live on such terms as these men see fit to make, then you are bound to get into jail' . . . In our opinion, the thing that promises respite from this wave of lawlessness is for the government to endeavor to bring about a restoration of economic prosperity. This can be done only by restoring the economic condition of Europe . . . The task is a big one, but it offers some measure of success, whereas the application of the lash must tend to increase bitterness and will not deter the criminal."

The world war was an appeal to force. Individuals are today in large degree doing what their nationals did from 1914 to 1918, they are getting what they want by methods of force. Had the economic causes of the war been removed there need have been no war, and there would have been no war. Since the war itself could not remove the causes of war, and since the treaty of Versailles increased rather than decreased the root causes of international friction and war, there are other wars in the offing. Equally so is it true that the cause of a crime wave is not removed by the application of the lash; it may even be that the lash hardens and embitters the one convicted, and thus induces a further crime wave in the days to come.

William Ivens.

Ottawa, Canada.

evolutionary purpose war may have served in the past, in the future it will prove futile as a means of securing any great social end; therefore, be it

"Resolved: That we memorialize the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church to place itself on record as being opposed to the whole war system with its secret treaties, military alliances, unjust economic concessions, competitive 'preparedness' programs—and that in no way will we participate in any such movements as history has conclusively shown lead to war."

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